JUST HOW IT IS.

When you grasp the hand of fortune,
And lightly step along,
The hours glide on like the numbers
Of a heart-cheering song.
Your pathway is lined with faces
Where smiles and pleasure blend,
All the world will offer service
When you don't need a friend.

You may sneer at fair discretion,
When solid at the bank,
Your rudeness is mere pleasantry,
And quite the thing for rank.
Men will trust upon your favors,
And fawn and condescend,
Till you wonder at your kingship,
When you don't need a friend.

They will shout your name in meeting,
And vote you into fame:
They will load your board with presents
Of bric-a-brac and game.
They will strain themselves in showing
What kindness they intend,
When sunshine floods your atmosphere
And you don't need a friend.

But wait and note how comical
This self-same world can be,
When the sun throws not your shadow
And your hopes go to sea.
You may have heard the cucumber
Has arctic chills to lend—
Well, the world drops under zero
When you do need a friend.

—*William Lyle.*

BESSIE IN THE BLIZZARD.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Bessie, "how dreary it all looks!"

And indeed the view seen from the window of the big, white, Western farm-house was anything but cheerful. Bare, brown, treeless prairie all around; a sullen, wintry sky overhead, and not a living creature in sight, except a distant speck of scarlet down in the "draw"—Baby Willie at play.

Indoors it was pleasant enough. Bessie was a brisk and tiny little housekeeper. When, immediately after dinner, her father had brought round the team, and he and her mother had driven off to town to do their regular weekly shopping, or "trading," as they called it, Bessie had bustled about at wonderful rate. She had washed the dishes, and put them in a shining row on the yellow pine dresser; she had polished the stove, and brought in water; she had swept the room, and straightened the rocker cushions; she had set "sponge" for the bread that was to be worked at night, and baked early in the morning; she had shaken the gay strip of rag carpet, and dusted the clock-shelf, and ranged the chairs by the wall with mathematical precision. Then she had washed her face and hands in the bright tin pan kept for that purpose on a backless chair near the door, and brushed and braided her soft, brown hair. She took her apron of blue-checked gingham, put on one of a snowy nainsook, hung a clean roller towel on the rack, and put a kettle of water on the fire. Then she had taken up her one dear story-book, and sat down to read.

It was a tremendously attractive book to the girl who had been brought up in the tameness and monotony of prairie life; it was all about great, good and brave women; about Florence Nightingale, and Joan of Arc, and Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, and heroines of every time and place. A beautiful book! But Bessie laid it down with the consciousness that she had been intruding, that the company in the brilliance of whose deeds she had been basking was altogether too lofy and magnanimous for her.

So she went over to the window and leaned her head against the pane, and thought how hard it was to be a heroine in Nebraska. There was no war here, no plague, not even any Indians now. And nothing ever happened.

And pondering over this had caused her to give a long sigh, and voice her discontent over the dreariness of all creation.

It was no wonder her life was a wee bit lonely. The nearest neighbors lived a mile away. Willie was too young to be company for her. What did he care about her vague, delightful dreams—about her heroines? And her parents had decided she was not strong enough to go to school that winter. Indeed, were she permitted to do so, the girl would find it a recreation; merely that. For she knew quite as much as her rather inefficient young teacher could attempt to teach her.

She was a slender, delicately formed girl of sixteen. Her hair, of a crispy silkiness, was parted over her forehead in old-fashioned style. Her eyes—large, hazel, dreamy—had a certain quiet, direct way of regarding one. Her rather clumsily made gown had a frill of home-made crochet at the neck and wrists.

How the windmill was creaking! And how the bare, snow-ball branches in the front yard were rattling! and what a brisk tattoo the skeleton sunflower by the back-door was playing on its panels!

But Baby Willie was enjoying himself. She could see him running up and down the "draw," dragging his little wagon after him.

She turned away. She sat in the big wooden rocker. She curled herself up like a comfort-loving kitten. And rocking and thinking, somehow or other, she rocked and thought the cozy kitchen away. She didn't live in Nebraska, within five miles of the town of Bubble. She was not Bessie Linard at all. She was a brave woman in a frail boat, out on a stormy sea. She was a helmeted heroine, leading hosts to battle. She was——

What a deafening noise! Was it the clang of a coming army? Was it the beat of drums, the clamor and clash of swords, the tread of marching feet?

No, not any of these. Only the creaking of the fan of the windmill, which was whirling at an astonishing rate. Only the noise of shaking window-frames. Only the clatter of milk-pails piled outside the door.

Slam! Bang!

Bessie sprang from the rocker. Erect she stood, dazed, bewildered, still half asleep. A shutter had been blown violently against the window. Had a storm begun while she slept? She rushed to the casement, looked out—rather, she strove to look out. Ten feet beyond the pane she could see absolutely nothing. The whole world was white, wild, whirling.

"A snow-storm!" gasped Bessie.

But it was no ordinary snow-storm that had blown up. It was the terrific, the memorable blizzard of March 12, 1888.

Suddenly she cried out, such a frightened, quivering cry:

"Willie! Baby Willie!"

Quick as a flash she flung a heavy old shawl of her mother's over her head, and unlatched the kitchen door. The furious wind tore it from her hold, and dashed it fiercely back against the wall. Vainly she strove to close it behind her. The snow was driving in, swirling over the floor. She loosened the storm-door. That, the wind dashed into place just after she had made a frantic plunge into the storm. Oh, such a storm! Bessie had lived on the prairie since she was a baby, and had seen the elements in their many moods and caprices. But she had never seen or imagined anything like this. From the four quarters of the earth the wind seemed blowing. The snow had not the softness one associates with snow. It was a dense, enveloping, impenetrable cloud, filled with particles, icy, stinging, sharp as needle points. The cold was intense. Objects ten feet away were absolutely indistinguisable. Ten? Nay, they were mere shapes at five—at three.

From the rear of the house a narrow wooden sidewalk ran down, past the barn, past the paddock, toward the "draw."

In that direction fled Bessie. The shawl was torn from her head. She held it in her fingers as she ran. She would need it when she found Willie. But soon she was off the walk and floundering along through rifts and drifts of blinding snow.

Where was the barn? She strained her eyes to make out the familiar structure. It was blotted out. All the world was blotted out. She could feel nothing, see nothing but snow—nothing. Where was the paddock? She was answered by running into a barrier. She flung out her hands as the shock sent her reeling. Her palms were cruelly lacerated by contact with the barbwire which formed the pasture fence. She knew now where she stood. About two yards to the left began the descent to the bluff, in the ravine of which she had last seen the child she sought. Her shawl wound itself around her body in a manner which impeded her progress as she stumbled on. She could feel see was going down the "draw;" feel, for sight was useless in such a storm.

The dear little lad! if she could only find him! She imagined him crouching down, trembling, sobbing, frightened; and growing stark and helpless with cold.

She tried to accelerate her speed—to rush down the incline. She tripped, fell; but she was up again in a second and battling on.

Down at last. Here, in the hollow between the prairie slopes, the blizzard raged less fiercely than above.

"Willie!" she called.

She could hardly hear her own voice.

"Willie!" she shrieked.

But the wind swept the word from her lips, and its sound was soft as a sigh.

If she could only see! She put up her hand and rubbed her eyes. The lashes were wet with freezing sleet. Her hair was one stiff, matted mass. Her feet ached with the sharp, biting cold. She tried to pray. "Dear God, Baby Willie! Oh, dear God, Baby Willie!" That was all she uttered.

All at once she stumbled over something—something scarlet in the snow. Eagerly she grasped it. She dragged it up to her breast. She wrapped, as best her cold hands could, the shawl around it. Dead? Oh, no, no! She could feel the shivering pressure of the little limbs as she cuddled them to her.

Oh, for strength to reach home! Or would they both freeze, and die down here, and be buried in the snow?

A heavy burden for her slight arms, for her freezing hands, the sturdy baby she carried; a burden made still heavier by his present semi-stupor. She gripped her numb fingers around him. She bent her head. Beaten, swayed, buffeted, she made her way up the hill. She reached the level. She could not go much farther. Her hold of Willie was relaxing. He was slipping from her, or so she fancied. The bitter, bitter cold! her very heart was paining with it. Her whole slender, unprotected body was racked with its agony.

Was that the house? Directly before her something dark had loomed up. She tottered against it. A haystack. At its base she sank exhausted. One step farther would be simply a physical impossibility. Tighter she wrapped Willie in the shawl, and held him to her. Then, with her back against the haystack, her head bowed forward, her face hidden, she crouched there in torture, which drifted into drowsiness—drowsiness that was deadly as delicious!

"Willie!"

This was the first word she said, endeavored to say, when the long, wretched delirium of fever was over at last. Where was she? Not out on the prairie! Not in that awful white whirlwind! Not at the foot of the haystack! Surely this was her mother's room! Surely she was in her mother's bed. The brilliant patchwork quilt, she knew that. The fire of corncobs in the tiny stove smelled familiar. And the voice was her mother's. She could not dream a voice.

"He is well, darling, safe and well. Hush! you must not talk yet."

When she woke again, Doctor Henderson was standing by the bed, and just behind him was Willie's wee, rosy, roguish face.

"You will be better soon now," the doctor said, "though it is a wonder you lived. You were unconscious when your father found you on his return from town."

Just then her father came in. He said very little, but he stroked tenderly the thin hand on the gay calico counterpane.

"And—Willie?"

"He was not much the worse, thanks to you. You had him well protected. Come here, Willie."

He lifted the little chap on the bed. She smiled as she felt the clasp of the small, strong arms.

"Is it—snowing—still?"

The doctor laughed.

"Dear child, it is May," he said.

She looked bewildered.

"It was an awful blizzard," the doctor went on; "the worst ever known in the West. The papers were full of it. Many perished. Some people were very brave and unselfish, and saved the lives of others. Their deeds, at least those that came to public knowledge, were praised all through the country. Yours was as grand as any. You are a heroine, Bessie."

He was a young man, a good-looking man. "A powerful smart doctor," averred the Western people, among whom he had elected to practice. It had taken the exercise of all his skill to save Bessie Linard's life, and now he felt correspondingly elated.

"Oh, no?" said Bessie very slowly and seriously; "I—thought no one could be a heroine in Nebraska."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Doctor Henderson, and he looked gravely at the wan sweet face on the pillow.

"Besides," she went on, meeting his glance with that quiet, direct, convincing gaze she had, and with just a flicker of rose-bloom coming into her cheeks, "heroines do something very wonderful, and I—I only did my best!"

That was two years ago. Bessie is eighteen now, and taller, healthier and prettier than ever. She and her mother are busy sewing; for this year there is to be a wedding in the old farm-house. When it is over Bessie Linard will not be Bessie Linard any more, but Mrs. Doctor Henderson. If they were fashionable people Willie would be pressed into service as a page. But as they are not anything of the sort, he will figure in the important ceremony merely as a boy, in a new corduroy suit and a silk necktie; a boy who possesses a fond pride in his sister and a tremendous appreciation of wedding-cake.—*The Ledger.*

Blisters as Anti-Fat.

"You would be amazed," said a city missionary to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter, "if you knew the kind of people who go to Chinese people for treatment. To my knowledge they have many respectable white people among their patients—people who pass for intelligent men and women. I am acquainted with one man, who for years has been engaged in a somewhat large way in this city, and who quit the white physicians and went to Hing We Hop for advice. He found himself growing fat, and was probably too indolent to take the exercise which had been recommended. What troubled him most was the increasing size of his waist. You see, with middle age his viscera had begun to settle down.

"Dr. Hing listened to his complaints with grave interest, and without hesitation promised to cure him. The first prescription was a dose of dried alligator's blood and powdered tiger's nails to strengthen him. Two days later Dr. Hing called at the man's house, shaved his head and put a fly blister on it. Then he told him to stand up in a corner for as long a time as he could bear it, and the blister would draw the intestines up into their old quarters.

"This is a fact, and it is a fact, too, that the apparently rational, and certainly well to-do and respectable white man submitted to the treatment. But he revolted at the second blister, and is as as fat as a Chinese idol to-day, I am pleased to say."

It is announced that 40,000 Mussulmans are about to emigrate from the Caucasus into Turkey, having obtained the Sultan's permission. The Russian Government favors this exodus, as it intends to populate the Caucasus with peasants from the northern provinces of Russia.

CONGRESSIONAL.

BURSTING THE BROKERS.

Butterworth's Bill Against Dealing in Futures Favorably Reported.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The House committee on agriculture reported to the House, with amendments, Mr. Butterworth's bill to define options and futures and to impose a special tax upon dealers therein, etc. The 1st and 2d sections of the bill define the character of transactions known as "futures" and "options" contracts.

The 3d section mentions the articles to which the bill applies. They are wheat, corn, oats, cotton, pork and some other farm staples. Section 4 imposes a special tax of $1,000 upon dealers in options and futures as defined in the bill, and a tax of five cents per pound and twenty cents per bushels upon the articles which are the subject matter of sales under futures and option contracts. Other sections of the bill provide for carrying the provisions of the Act into effect.

An elaborate report was also submitted. In it the committee says:

The bill in terms does and is intended to apply to that class of transactions conducted in the "bucket shops" and "grain pits" of the country, and known as "pute" and "calls," including the whole range of mere speculative gambling in fictitious farm products. It does not affect injuriously any legitimate trader or dealer in farm staples.

The bill seeks to impose an internal revenue tax on those "dealers" in grain, cotton and pork who, as a rule, never see, own or handle a peck or pound of the articles they deal in. It applies to "dealers" whose transactions have the least possible reference to supply and still less reference to demand for consumption, who are not concerned whether harvests are blighted or plentiful.

The bill in terms effects transactions for future delivery which are innocent in themselves and do no harm to any one, but it is intended to reach that class of speculators only who sell what they do not own; who sell with no purpose or intent to deliver what they sell; who require little capital or stock in trade and yet who sell in the "bucket shops" of the United States every month more wheat than is grown in the whole world in a year—thus in great measure destroying trade, driving merchants from the field and forcing the price of farm products below the cost of production.

It is urged, says the committee, that the influence of this bill will greatly hamper and restrict trade, but so far from the proposed measure affecting trade, the exact reverse is true. It is not the object of the proposed law, nor will its effect be to improperly interfere with the prosecution of any legitimate industry which adds to the supply of anything needful, but obviously those who deal in futures and option contracts do not accomplish any useful purpose. On the contrary they speculate in fictitious products.

The committee state that the influence upon the market of dealing in "puts" and "calls" is to reduce the market price to a rate below the cost of production. The committee has no doubt of the constitutionality of the measure. It added an amendment to Section 2 of the original bill providing that the Act shall not apply to contracts or agreements for future delivery of any of the said articles made with the United States or county, or with the duly authorized officers or agents thereof, nor to contracts or agreements made by farmers for the sale and delivery of articles aforesaid which are in actual course of production by such farmers at the time of making such contracts are obviously not improper, says the committee, because the exceptions do not open the door to contracts made by grain pits.

FOR VIOLATING CIVIL SERVICE.

In the proceedings under the civil service law against the officers of the Old Dominion League, it has been determined to waive proceedings in the lower court, and counsel having agreed upon a statement of facts, to carry the case for final decision to a higher court; if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The test case will be that of C. A. Newton, President of the League, who is charged with violating the law by soliciting contributions for campaign purposes from the government officials in their offices. Newton is not a government officer, and the question to be tested in his case is whether sending a letter to a government employee in his office is a solicitation forbidden by the civil service law.

The constitutionality of the law is also to be tested. Col. W. E. Sims, of Virginia is Mr. Newton's counsel. A. K. Brown, of Washington, A. Worth Spates, of Baltimore, and possibly Gen. W. W. Dudley and Representative Houk, of Tennessee, will be associated with Col. Sims.

CAPITOL NOTES.

Mr. Cullom introduced in the Senate a bill to prevent Mormons in Utah voting or holding any political office.

The verdict of the court-martial which tried Lieut. Steele for assaulting private Wild, is a reprimand, and confinement for three months to the limits of his post.

The Washington navy yard is now lighted by electricity, being the first navy yard in the country to adopt it. The plant is owned by the government.

Hon. Samuel J. Randall is still very ill. The House Chaplain in his morning prayer, referred feelingly to the Representative's sickness.

Hon. Samuel J. Randall, congressman, the statesman, and politician, is dead. He died at his home in Washington City at 5 o'clock last Sunday morning, after a long illness.

Mr. Randall was born in Philadelphia in 1828. He was elected a member of the United States House of Representatives in 1863, and taking his seat in the 38th Congress, has continued in Congress from that day to his death. He was chosen Speaker of the House at the last session of the 44th Congress, and again for the 45th Congress.

IT BEATS BANKING.

What an Investment in Pine Timber and a Mill has Yielded.

A very few years ago a gentleman settled in Lincoln, a small village a few miles from Annison, Ala., says the Anniston *News*. He was in debt at the time and his prospect for worldly wealth was away below par. He had a capital of nerve, however, and set to work at whatever his eyes and his hands could find to do. In a few months he purchased an old saw mill on credit. The concern was not worth a great deal, therefore the "promise to pay" did not involve a large sum. It was all the world to this poor man, however, and he set to work with a will.

His experience in the saw mill business was limited, and for a time he was compelled to employ a sawyer. Finally he assumed that position himself, working like a Trojan day after day and month after month. The returns came steadily, the business grew apace until a new mill became a necessity, and the owner, who had been sawyer and manager, hired a sawyer and devoted his entire time to the management. Then another mill was added. This was followed by the establishment of a lumber yard in Birmingham. With work and care this grew to be one of the largest institutions of its kind in that city, and now the man who started with a little old saw mill and a batch of debts on his shoulders is not only free of debt and independent, but buys more lumber than both his mills saw.

This man's career demonstrates that in this land of magnificent opportunities he who hustles and saves shall thrive.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE NOTES.

Granville county, N. C., has twenty-eight sub-alliances, and eighty-four have been organized in the State so far this year.

The Farmers' Alliance of Iredell county N. C., have decided to establish a tobacco warehouse at Statesville, the county seat.

At a meeting of the Horry county, S. C. Farmers' Alliance a resolution was adopted endorsing the sub-treasury bill, and requesting their Representative in Congress to co-operate in securing its passage; a resolution was also adopted recommending the use of cotton bagging as the covering for cotton. This Alliance will establish a warehouse at Conway soon.

The State Colored Alliance received permission from the police authorities and held a public meeting on the Mall, Charleston, S. C., Thursday.

The Farmers' Border Alliance composed of over two hundred and fifty delegates from the sub-alliances of the border counties of Virginia and North Carolina, held an important secret meeting at Danville, Va., Thursday.

The Elberta, Ga. Peach company, of Macon, is very sanguine of making big profits in the near future. It has recently finished setting out 80,000 peach trees on its farm—the Smith place—in Houston county, which the company bought not long since.

A very significent era has dawned on some parts of North Carolina in reference to the importance of having good public roads. A recently enacted law gives the magistrates of a county authority to assess a limited tax for the purpose of improving the public roads. Within a few months it has been noticed that the people are availing themselves of the benefit of the law in a number of counties. The magistrates of Guilford have just held a meeting, and ordered a road machine and a full equipment for the work.

"Uncle Billy" Powers, of Georgia.

Only two votes were cast for Lincoln in Georgia in 1860, one of them by "Uncle Billy" Powers, who is still alive. The other man, Cyrus McCollum, was conscripted in the Confederate army and lost his life during the war. Mr. Powers was formerly a Baptist minister, but now belongs to the sect known as the Church of Ghrist. He lives in Northeast Georgia, and sometimes appears in Atlanta, where his quaint figure always attracts attention. He wears a broad-brimmed soft hat, home-made gray jeans and a long, white beard, and looks as if he belonged to a former generation. "Uncle Billy" has been hanged in effigy several times for his Radical proclivities in the section where he lives, but has never been roughly handled. He imbibed his ideas from his father, who was a Whig, and from speeches of Clay and Webster, which he learned when he was a boy. In 1884 he was a Blaine elector, and was last week appointed a census supervisor.

200,000 Feet of Lumber Burned.

The dry kilns of the Pratt Lumber Company, at Verbena, Ala., was burned. Two hundred thousand feet of lumber was burned in the kiln. The total loss is $15,000. No insurance.